Vorgts Sale 1806

101 — 9 — (c. & p.)

~~8676~~

First Ed. scarce

Fine impressions of Marshall's engravings.

I believe there was no ed. before this & yet the privilege bears date Jan 9 1637. — yes — 1637/8

2876

Richard

17. C. 5.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The minde of the Frontiſpeece.

This Bubble's Man : Hope, Feare, Falſe Ioy and Trouble,
Are thoſe Foure Winds which daily toſs this Bubble.

Hieroglyphica hæc de vitâ hominis perlegi, & digna cenſeo quæ typis mandentur.

Ian. 9.
1637.

Tho : Wykes R. P.
Epiſc. Lond. Capell.
domeſt.

Quarles (F.) K.

LONDON,
Printed by *M. Fleſher*, for *Iohn Marriot*.
1638.

BRITISH MUSEUM

41.
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261

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
both in blood and virtue; and
moſt accompliſht LADIE,

MARY,

COVNTESS OF *DORSET*;
LADY *GOVERNESS*
to the moſt Illuſtrious,

CHARLES,

Prince of great *BRITAIN*, and

IAMES,

Duke of *YORKE*.

Excellent Lady,

I *Preſent theſe Tapours to burne under the ſafe Protection of your hono-*

rable Name: where, I presume, they stand secure from the Damps of Ignorance, and blasts of Censure: It is a small part of that abundant service, which my thankfull heart owes your incomparable Goodness. Be pleased to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which shall bee nothing but what your owne esteeme shall make it

Madam

Your Lapps. most

humble servant

FRA: QUARLES.

To the Reader.

IF you are satisfied with my *Emblems*, I here set before you a second service. It is an Ægyptian dish, drest on the English fashion: They, at their feasts, used to present a Deaths-head at their second course; This will serve for both: You need not feare a surfet: Here is but little; And that, light of digestion: If it but please your Palate, I question not your stomack: Fall too; and much good may't doe you.

Covivio addit Minerval. *E.B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Relligionem, Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.

BENEVOLUS.

Sine Lumine inane.

Behold, I was ſhapen in Iniquity, and in ſin did my mother conceive me.

PSAL. 51. 5.

MAn is mans A B C: There is none that can
Reade God aright, unleſs he firſt ſpell Man;
Man is the Stayres, whereby his knowledge
To his Creator; though it oftentimes (climes
tumbles for want of light, and ſometimes tripps
or want of carefull heed; and ſometimes ſlips
hrough unadviſed haſt; and when at length
is weary ſteps have reach'd the top, his ſtrength
Oft fayles to ſtand; his giddy braines turne round,
nd *Phaëton* like, falls headlong to the ground:
heſe ſtayres are often darke, and full of danger
o him whom want of practice makes a ſtranger
o this blind way: The Lamp of nature lends
ut a falſe Light; and lights to her owne ends:
heſe be the wayes to Heav'n; Theſe paths require
A Light that ſprings from that diviner fire
Whoſe humane ſoule-enlightning ſunbeames dart
Through the bright Crannies of th'immortall part.
And here, thou great Originall of Light,
Whoſe error-chaceing Beames do unbenight
The very ſoule of Darkneſs, and untwiſt
The Clouds of Ignorance; do thou aſſiſt
My feeble Quill; Reflect thy ſacred Rayes
Vpon theſe lines, that they may light the wayes
That lead to thee; So guide my heart, my hand,
That I may doe, what others underſtand:

Let my heart practice what my hand ſhall write;
Till then, I am a Tapour wanting light.
This golden Precept, *Know thy ſelfe*, came downe
From heav'ns high Court; It was an Art unknowne
To fleſh and blood. The men of Nature tooke
Great Iournies in it; Their dim eyes did looke
But through a Miſt; Like Pilgrims they did ſpend
Their idle ſteps, but knew no Iournies end:
The way to Know thy ſelfe, is firſt to caſt
Thy fraile beginning, Progreſſe, and thy Laſt:
This is the Summe of Man: But now returne
And view this Tapour ſtanding in this Vrne:
Behold her Subſtance, ſordid, and impure,
Vſeleſs and vaine, and (wanting light) obſcure:
Tis but a Span at longeſt, nor can laſt
Beyond that Span; ordain'd, and made to waſt:
Ev'n ſuch was Man (before his ſoule gave light
To his vile ſubſtance) a meere Child of night;
Ere he had life, eſtated in his Vrne,
And markt for death; by nature, borne to burne:
Thus liveleſs, lightleſs, worthleſs firſt began
That glorious, that preſumptuous thing, call'd Man.

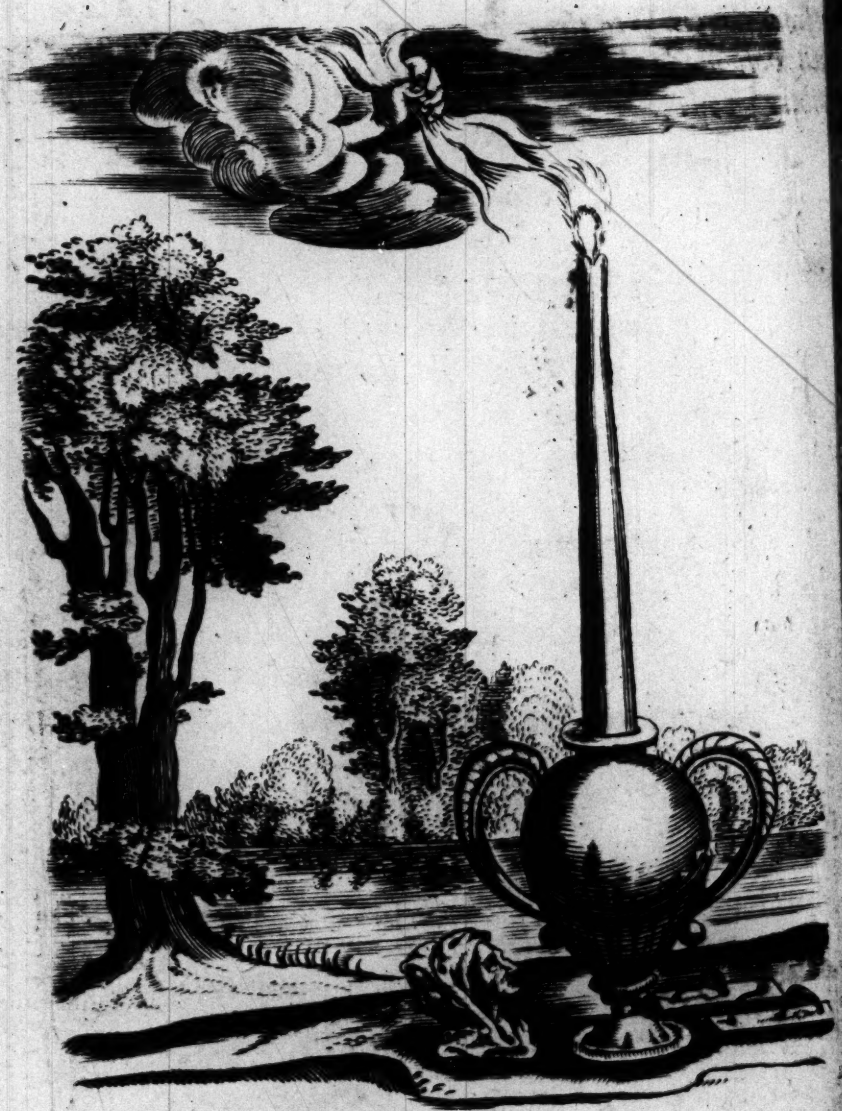
St. AVGVST.

St. AUGUST.

Consider ô man what thou wert before thy Birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death: thou wert made of an impure substance, cloathed and nourished in thy mother's blood.

EPIG. 1.

Forbeare fond Tapour: What thou seek'st, is Fire:
In my owne distruction's lodg'd in thy desire:
My wants are farre more safe than their supply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.



Nescius Vnde.

Will: Marshall. sculprit.

nd God ſaid, Let there bee light; and there was light. GEN. 1. 3.

His flame-expecting Tapour hath, at length,
Received fyre; and, now, begins to burne:
ath no vigour yet, it hath no ſtrength;
Apt to be puft and quencht at ev'ry turne:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd (ſhroud
This ſnuffe with flame: But marke, this hand doth
lfe from mortall eyes, and folds it in a Cloud.

2.

s man begins to live; An unknowne flame
Quickens his finiſht Organs; now, poſſeſt
h motion; and which motion doth proclaime
n active ſoule, though in a feeble breſt:
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my Pen;
Here flyes a Cloud before the eyes of men:
n not tell thee, how; nor canſt thou tell mee, when.

3.

s it a parcell of celeſtiall fire,
nfus'd, by Heav'n, into this fleſhly mould?
was it (thinke you) made a ſoule entire?
Then; was it new created? Or of old?
Or is't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? While we goe about,
reaſon, to reſolve, the more we raiſe a doubt.

4.

t be part of that celeſtiall Flame,
t muſt be ev'n as pure, as free from ſpot
that eternall fountaine whence it came:
f pure, and ſpotleſs; then, whence came the blot?
It ſelfe, being pure, could not it ſelfe defile;
Nor hath unactive Matter pow'r to ſoile
r pure and active Forme, as Iarrs corrupt their Oyle.

Or

5.

Or, if it were created, tell me, when?
If in the firſt ſixe dayes, where kept till now?
Or, if the ſoule were new created, then
Heav'n did not all, at firſt, he had to doe:
Six dayes expired, all Creation ceaſt,
All kinds, even from the greateſt to the leaſt
Were finiſht, and compleat, before the day of Reſt.

6.

But why ſhould Man, the Lord of Creatures, want
That priviledge which Plants and Beaſts obtaine?
Beaſts bring forth Beaſts, the Plant a perfect Plant;
And every like brings forth her like againe:
Shall fowles, and fiſhes, beaſts and plants convey
Life to their iſſue? And Man leſſe than they?
Shall theſe get living ſoules? And Man, dead lumps of (clay

7.

Muſt humane ſoules be generated then?
My water ebbs; behold, a Rock is nigh:
If Natures worke produce the ſoules of men,
Mans ſoule is mortall: All that's borne muſt die.
What ſhall we then conclude? What ſun-ſhine will
Diſperſe this gloomy cloud? Till then, be ſtill,
My vainely ſtriving thoughts; Lie down, my puzzl'd quil

ISODOR

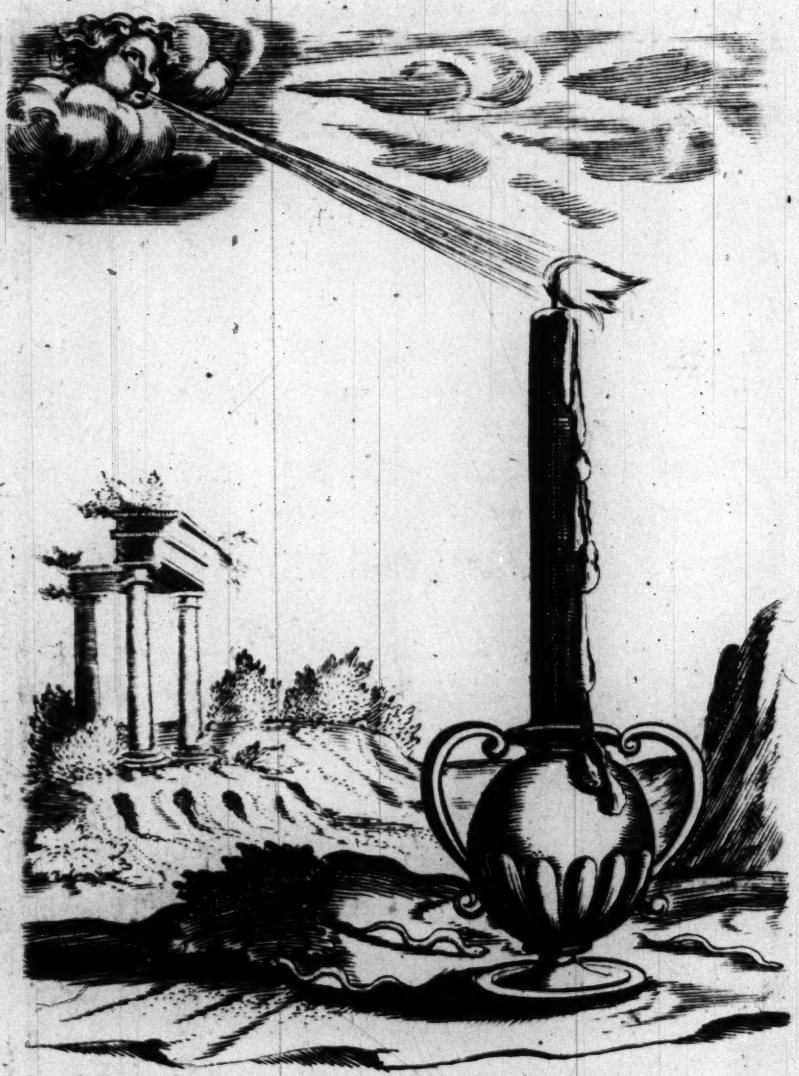
ISODOR.

Why doeſt thou wonder, ô man, at the height of the Starres? or the depth of the Sea? Enter into thine owne ſoule, and wonder there.

The ſoule by creating is infuſed; by infuſion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou knowſt not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poore kind of happineſs, that can returne
No more accompt but this, to ſay, *I burne!*



Quo me cunq; rapit.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

The wind passeth over it and it is gone.
PSAL. 103. 16.

NO sooner is this lighted Tapour set
Vpon the transitory Stage
Of eye-bedarkning night,
But it is straight subjected to the threat
Of envious windes, whose wastfull rage
Disturbs her peacefull light,
And makes her substance wast, and makes her flame lesse bright.

2.

No sooner are we borne, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This soule-afflicting earth;
But Danger meets us at the very wombe,
And Sorrow with her full mouthd blast,
Salutes our painefull birth,
To put out all our Ioyes, and puffe out all our mirth.

3.

Nor Infant Innocence, nor childish teares,
Nor youthfull wit, nor manly power,
Nor politick old age,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,
Nor lowely Cell, nor lofty Tower,
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor Page
Can scape this common blast, or curb her stormy rage.

4.

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blasts;
And ev'ry blast brings forth a feare;
And ev'ry feare, a death;
The more it lengthens, ah, the more it wasts:
Were, were we to continue here
The dayes of long lif'd *Seth*,
Our sorrowes would renew, as we renew our breath:

5.

Toſt too and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With ev'ry puffe, with every Tide
Of ſelf-conſuming Care;
Our peacefull flame, that would point up to heav'n,
Is ſtill diſturb'd, and turnd aſide;
And ev'ry blaſt of Ayre
Commits ſuch waſt in man, as man can not repaire.

6.

W'are all borne Detters, and we firmely ſtand
Oblig'd for our firſt Parents Det,
Beſides our Intereſt;
Alas we have no harmeleſs Counterband,
And we are, ev'ry hou'r, beſet
With threatnings of Arreſt,
And till we pay the Det, we can expect no Reſt.

7.

What may this ſorrow-ſhaken life preſent
To the falſe reliſh of our Taſt,
That's worth the name of ſweet?
Her minits pleaſure's choakt with diſcontent,
Her glory foyld with ev'ry blaſt;
How many dangers meet
Poore man, betwixt the Biggin and the Winding ſheet!

St. AUGUST:

In this world, not to bee grieved, not to bee afflicted, not to bee in danger, is impossible.

Ibid.

Behold; the world is full of troubles; yet, beloved; what if it were a pleasing world? How wouldst thou delight in her Calmes, that canst so well endure her stormes?

EPIG. 3.

Art thou consum'd with soule-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with griefe? annoy'd with worldly losses
Hold up thy head; The Tapour lifted high
Will brook the wind, when lower Tapors dye.

Curando Labascit.

The whole need not the Physitian.

MAT. 9. 12.

ALwaies pruning? alwaies cropping?
Is her brightnesse still obscur'd?
Ever dressing? ever topping?
Alwaies curing? never cur'd?
Too much snuffing makes a waste;
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrinke at ev'ry blast.

2.

You that alwaies are bestowing
Costly paines in lifes repairing,
Are but alwaies overthrowing
Natures worke, by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her Foe,
In a work she hath to doe,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

3

Nature knowes her owne perfection,
And her pride disdaines a Tutor,
Can not stoope to Arts correction,
And she scornes a Coadjutor;
Saucy Art should not appeare
Till she whisper in her eare:
Hagar flees, if *Sara* beare.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindred, that she cannot;
Art stands by as her Abettor,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seize,
(Nature foyl'd with the disease)
Art may helpe her if she please.

5.

But to make a Trade of trying
Drugs, and Doſies, always pruning,
Is to dye, for feare of dying;
Hee's untun'd, thats alwaies tuneing.
He that often loves to lack
Deare bought Drugs, has found a Knack
To foyle the man, and feede the Quack.

6.

O the ſad, the fraile Condition
Of the pride of Natures glory!
How infirme his Compoſition!
And, at beſt, how Tranſitory!
When his Ryot doth impayre
Natures weakneſs, then his care
Adds more ruine, by repaire.

7.

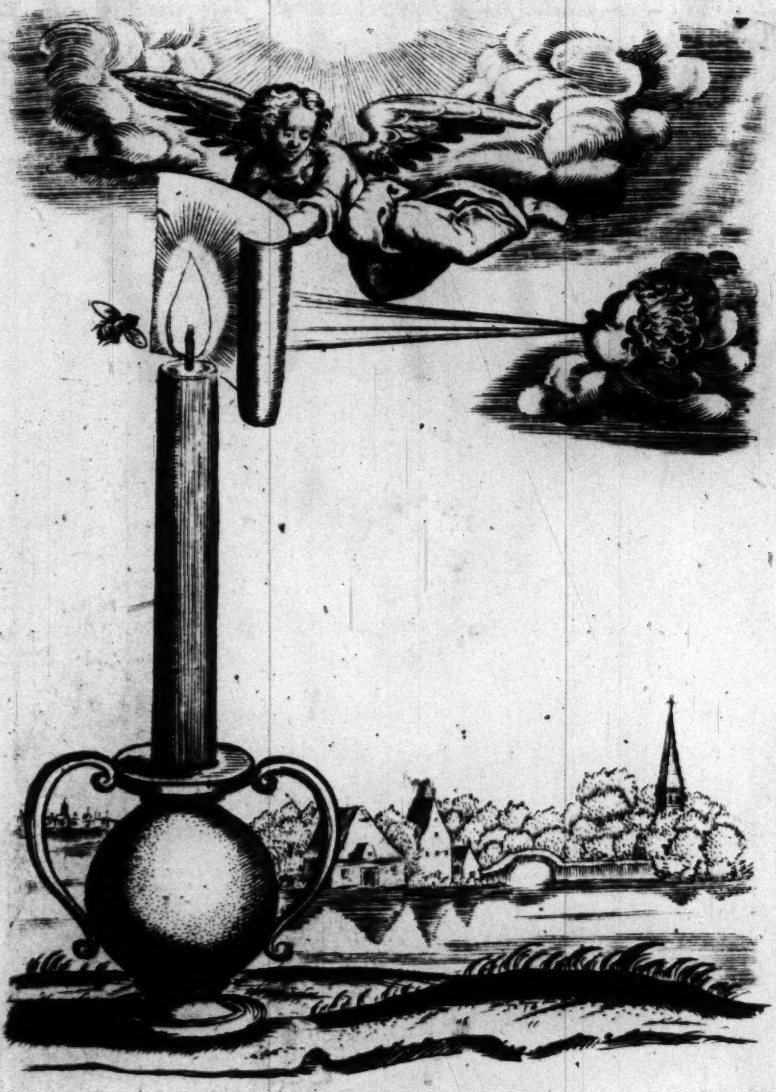
Hold thy hand, healths Deare maintainer,
Life perchance may burne the ſtronger:
Having ſubſtance to ſuſtaine her,
She, untoucht, may laſt the longer:
When the Artiſt goes about
To redreſs her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he ſnuffes it out.

NICOCLES

Physitians of all men are most happy; what good successe soever they have, the world proclaimes, and what faults they commit, the earth covers.

EPIG. 4.

My purse be'ng heavy, if my *Light* appeare
But Dimme, *Quack* comes to make all cleare;
Quack, leave thy trade; Thy Dealings are not right,
Thou tak'st our weighty gold, to give us *light*.



Te auxiliante resurgo.

Will: Marshall. Sculpsit.

And hee will give his Angels charge over thee. PSAL. 91.

O How mine eyes could pleaſe themſelves, and ſpend
Perpetuall Ages in this precious ſight!
How I could woo Eternity, to lend
My waſting day an Antidote for night!
And how my fleſh could with my fleſh contend,
That views this object with no more delight!
My work is great, my Tapour ſpends too faſt:
'Tis all I have, and ſoone would out, or waſt,
Did not this bleſſed Screene protect it from this blaſt.

2.

O, I have loſt the Iewell of my ſoule,
And I muſt finde it out, or I muſt dye:
Alas! my ſin-made darkneſs doth controule
The bright endeavours of my carefull eye;
I muſt goe ſearch, and ranſack ev'ry hole;
Nor have I other light to ſeek it by:
O if this light be ſpent, my work not done,
My labour's worſe than loſt; my Iewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorne, and I am quite undone.

3.

You bleſſed Angels, you that doe enjoy
The full fruition of eternall Glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy ſuch a Toy
As man, and quit your glorious Territory,
And ſtoop to earth, vouchſafing to imploy
Your cares to guard the duſt that lies before yee?
Diſdaine you not theſe lumps of dying Clay,
That, for your paines, doe oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not diſdaine, and ſend you griev'd away?

This

This Tapour of our lifes, that once was plac'd
In the faire Suburbs of Eternity,
Is now, alas, confin'd to ev'ry blaſt,
And turn'd a *May-pole* for the ſporting *Fly*;
And will you, ſacred *Spirits*, pleaſe to caſt
Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
How had this ſlender Inch of Tapour beene
Blaſted, and blaz'd, had not this heav'nly *Screene*
Curb'd the proud blaſt, and timely ſtept betweene!

5.

O Goodneſs, farre tranſcending the report
Of laviſh tongues! too vaſt to comprehend!
Amazed Quill, how farre doſt thou come ſhort
T'expreſs expreſſions, that ſo farre tranſcend!
You bleſſed Courtiers of th'eternall Court,
Whoſe full-mouth'd Hallelujahs haye no end,
Receive that world of praiſes that belongs
To your great Sov'raigne; fill your holy tongues
With our Hoſannas, mixt with your Seraphick Songs.

St. BER

St. BERN.

If thou desirest the helpe of Angels, flee the comforts of the world, nd resist the Temptations of the Devill.

He will give his Angels charge over thee? O what reverence, what ve, what confidence deserves so sweet a saying? For their presence, verence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou disturb'd, diseas'd, and driv'n
To Death with stormes of griefe? Poynt thou to heav'n:
One Angel, there, shall ease thee more, alone,
Then thrice as many thousands of thy owne.

Tempus erit.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

To every thing there is an appointed time.
ECCLES. 3. 1.

Time. *Death.*

Time. BEhold the frailty of this ſlender ſnuffe;
Alas it hath not long to laſt:
Without the helpe of either Thiefe, or puffe,
Her weakneſs knowes the way to waſt:
Nature hath made her Subſtance apt enough
To ſpend it ſelfe, and ſpend too faſt:
It needs the help of none,
That is ſo prone
To lauiſh out, untoucht; and languiſh all alone.

2.

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and ſhake thy ſlow pac'd Sand;
Thy idle Minits make no way:
Thy glaſs exceeds her how'r, or elſe does ſtand,
I can not hold; I can not ſtay;
Surceaſe thy pleading, and enlarge my hand
I ſurfet with too long delay:
This brisk, this boldfac'd Light
Does burne too bright;
Darkneſs adornes my throne; my day is darkeſt night.

3.

Time. Great Prince of darkneſſe, hold thy needleſs hand;
Thy Captiv's faſt, and can not flee:
What arme can reſcue? Who can countermand,
What pow'r can ſet thy Pris'ner free?
Or if they could, what cloſe, what forrein land
Can hide that head, that flees from Thee?
But if her harmeleſs light
Offend thy ſight, (thine at night?
What needſt thou ſnatch at noone; what will be

I have

4.

Death. I have outſtaid my patience; My quick Trade
Growes dull and makes too ſlow returne:
This long-liv'd det is due, and ſhould bin paid
When firſt her flame began to burne:
But I have ſtaid too long, I have delayd
To ſtore my vaſt, my craving Vrne.
My Patent gives me pow'r,
Each day, each how'r, (ly Tow'
To ſtrike the Peaſants thatch, and ſhake the Princ

5.

Time. Thou count'ſt too faſt: Thy Patent gives no Pow'
Till *Time* ſhall pleaſe to ſay, *Amen.* (How'
Death. Canſt thou appoint my ſhaft? *Time.* Or thou m
Death. Tis I bid, doe: *Time.* Tis I bid, When.
Alas, thou canſt not make the pooreſt Flow'r
To hang the drooping head, till then:
Thy ſhafts can neither Kill,
Nor ſtrike, untill
My power give them wings, and pleaſure arme thy will.

Sr. A

St. AUGUST.

Thou knowest not what Time he will come: wait alwaies, that because thou knowest not the time of his comming, thou maiest be prepared against the time he comes. And for this, perchance, thou knowest not the Time, because thou maiest be prepared against all times.

EPIG. 6.

Expect, but feare not Death: Death cannot Kill,
Till *Time*, (that first must seale her Patent) will:
Wouldst thou live long? Keepe *Time* in high esteeme;
Whom, gone, if thou canst not recall, redeeme.

Nec sine, nec Tecum.

Will Marshall sculpsit

His light ſhall be dark, and his candle ſhall be put out. IOB 18. 6.

WHat ayles our Tapour? Is her luſter fled,
Or foyl'd? What dire diſaſter bred
This Change? that thus ſhe vailes her golden head?

2.

t was but very now, ſhe ſhin'd as faire
s *Venus* ſtarre: Her glory might compare
Vith *Cynthia*, burniſht with her brothers haire.

3.

here was no Cave-begotten damp that mought
buſe her beames; no wind, that went about
o breake her peace; no Puffe, to put her out.

4.

ift up thy wondring thoughts, and thou ſhalt ſpye
Cauſe, will cleare thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
ubjects muſt vaile, when as their Sov'raign's by.

5.

anſt thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy ſight
o whit impayr'd? The object is too bright;
he weaker yeelds unto the ſtronger Light.

6.

reat God, I am thy Tapour; Thou, my Sunne;
om thee, the Spring of Light, my Light begun;
et if thy Light but ſhine, my light is done.

7.

thou withdraw thy Light, my light will ſhine;
thine appeare, how poore a light is mine!
y light is darkneſs, if compar'd to thine.

8

hy Sun-beames are too ſtrong for my weake eye;
thou but ſhine, how nothing, Lord, am I!
h, who can ſee thy viſage, and not die!

9.

If intervening earth ſhould make a night,
My wanton flame would then ſhine forth too bright;
My earth would ev'n preſume t'eclipſe thy Light.

10

And if thy Light be ſhadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decayd,
I ſhould be cloathed with a double ſhade.

11.

What ſhall I doe? O what ſhall I deſire?
What help can my diſtracted thoughts require,
That thus am waſting twixt a double Fire?

12.

In what a ſtreight, in what a ſtreight am I?
Twixt two extreames how my rackt fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or ſee it not, I die.

13.

O let the ſteame of my Redeemers blood,
That breaths fro' my ſick ſoule, be made a Cloud,
T'interpoſe theſe Lights, and be my ſhroud.

14.

Lord, what am I? or what's the light I have?
May it but light my Aſhes to their Grave,
And ſo from thence, to Thee? 'tis all I crave.

15.

O make my Light, that all the world may ſee
Thy Glory by't: If not, It ſeemes to me
Honour enough, to be put out by Thee.

O Light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darkness; so reflect upon my weaknes, that all the world may behold thy strength: O Majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which my glory is meere shame, so shine upon my misery that all the world may behold thy glory.

EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complaine, becauſe thou art bereiv'n
Of all thy light? Wilt thou vie Lights with Heav'n?
Can thy bright eye not brooke the daily light?
Take heed: I feare, thou art a Child of night.

Nec Virtus obscura petit.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

Let your light ſo ſhine, that men ſeeing your good workes may glorifie your Father which is in Heaven. MAT. 5. 16.

WAs it for this, the breath of Heav'n was blowne
Into the noſtrils of this Heav'nly Creature?
Was it for this, that ſacred Three in One
Conſpir'd to make this Quinteſſence of Nature?
Did heav'nly Providence intend
So rare a Fabrick for ſo poore an end?

2.

Was Man, the higheſt Maſter-peece of Nature,
The curious Abſtract of the whole Creation,
Whoſe ſoule was copied from his great Creator,
Made to give Light, and ſet for Obſervation,
Ordain'd for this? To ſpend his Light
In a darke-Lanthorne? Cloyſtred up in night?

3.

Tell me, recluſe Monaſtick, can it be
A diſadvantage to thy beames to ſhine?
A thouſand Tapours may gaine light from Thee:
Is thy Light leſs, or worſe for lighting mine?
If, wanting Light, I ſtumble, ſhall
Thy darkneſs not be guilty of my fall?

4.

Why doſt thou lurk ſo cloſe? Is it for feare
Some buſie eye ſhould pry into thy flame,
And ſpie a Thiefe, or elſe ſome blemiſh there?
Or being ſpy'd, ſhrink'ſt thou thy head for ſhame?
Come, come, fond Tapour ſhine but cleare,
Thou needſt not ſhrink for ſhame, nor ſhroud for feare.

5.

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet,
For men to ſee the Great Creator by;
Thy flame is not thy owne: It is a Det
Thou ow'ſt thy Maker; And wilt thou deny
To pay the Int'reſt of thy Light?
And skulk in Corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

6.

Art thou affraid to truſt thy eaſie flame
To the injurious waſt of Fortunes puffe?
Ah, Coward, rouze; and quit thy ſelfe, for ſhame;
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough:
Who ſhines, and makes no eye partaker,
Vſurps himſelfe, and cloſely robbs his Maker.

7.

Take not thy ſelfe a Pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turne thy Palace to a Iaile?
Thou art an Eagle; And befits it thee
To live immured, like a cloyſterd Snaile?
Let Toies ſeeke Corners: Things of coſt
Gaine worth by view: Hid Iewels are but loſt.

8.

My God, my light is dark enough at lighteſt,
Encreaſe her flame, and give her ſtrength to ſhine:
Tis fraile at beſt: Tis dimme enough at brighteſt,
But 'tis her glory to be foyld by Thine.
Let others lurke; My light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men; and bythem, to Thee.

St. BERN.

If thou be one of the fooliſh Virgins, the Congregation is neceſſary for thee; If thou be one of the wiſe Virgins, thou art neceſſary for the Congregation.

HUGO.

Monaſticks make Cloyſters to incloſe the outward man, O would to God they would doe the like to reſtraine the inward Man.

EPIG. 8.

Affraid of eyes? What, ſtill play leaſt in ſight?
Tis much to be preſum'd all is not right:
Too cloſe endeavours, bring forth dark events:
Come forth, *Monaſtick*; Here's no Parliaments.

Vt Luna Infantia torpet.

Wil. Marshall. sculpsit.

He cometh forth like a Flower and is cut downe.
IOB 14. 2.

1.

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough, of old,
To meaſure out the life of Man!
In thoſe wel temper'd days his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but threeſcore years and ten.

2.

Alas
And what is that?
They come & ſlide and paſs
Before my Pen can tell thee, what.
The Poſts of Time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſev'n ſhort ſtages 'ore, their ſhort liv'd task is don.

3.

Our daies
Begun, wee lend
To ſleepe, to antick plaies
And Toyes, untill the firſt ſtage end:
12. waining Moons, twiſe 5. times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſs: Wee rather breathe, then live.

4.

Wee ſpend
A ten years breath,
Before wee apprehend
What is to live, or feare a death:
Our childiſh dreams are fil'd with painted joys,
Wch pleaſe our ſenſe a while; & waking, prove but Toies.

How

5.

How vaine,
How wretched is
Poore man, that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a State as this!
His daies are ſhort, at longeſt; few, at moſt;
They are but bad, at beſt; yet laviſht out, or loſt.

6.

They bee
The ſecret Springs,
That make our minits flee
On wheels more ſwift thē Eagles wings:
Our life's a Clocke, and ev'ry gaſpe of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, til *Time* ſhal ſtrike a death.

7.

How ſoone
Our new-born Light
Attaines to full-ag'd noone!
And this, how ſoon to gray-hayr'd night!
Wee ſpring, we bud, we bloſſome, and we blaſt
E're we can count our daies; Our daies they flee ſo faſt.

8.

They end
When ſcarce begun;
And ere wee apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is don:
Man, Count thy daies; And if they flee too faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count ev'rie day thy laſt.

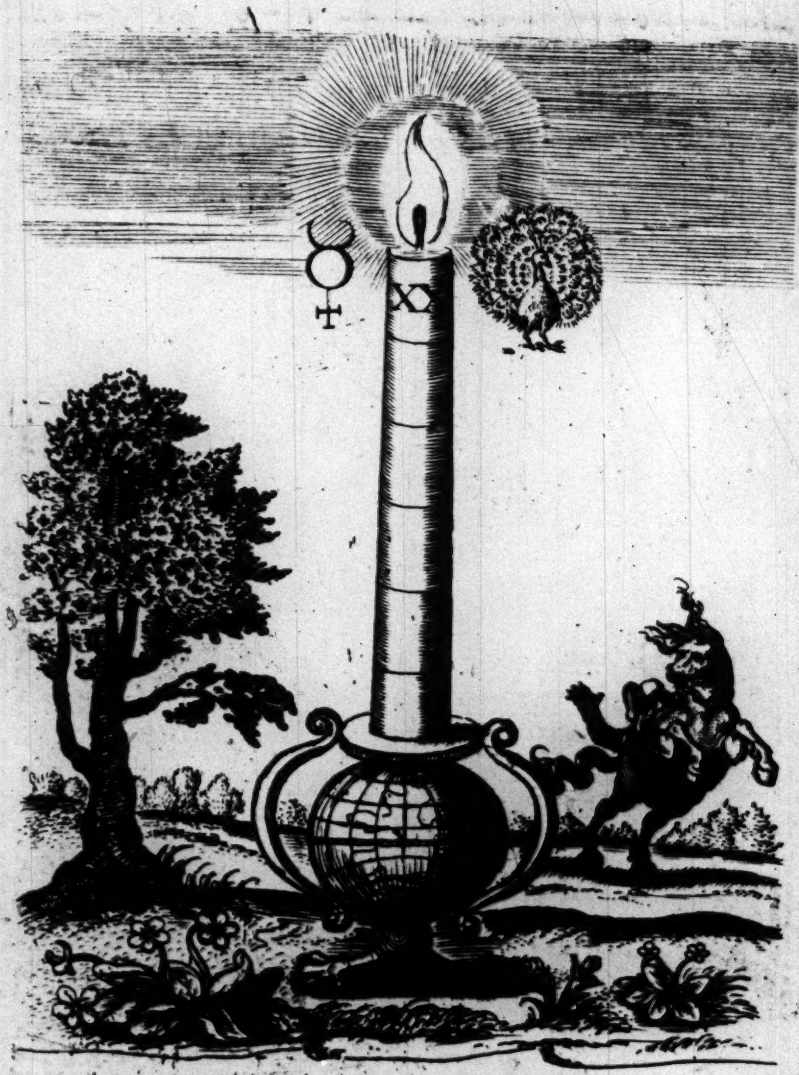
Our Infancy is consumtd in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sinne?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeares in the act of his Reason, but the Devill blures it in the corruption of his will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit Man.

Thus was the first seav'nth part of thy few daies
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in Toyish plaies:!
Knowst thou what teares thine eies imparted then?
Review thy losse, and weep them o're agen.



Proles tua, Maia, Iuventus.

Will. Marshall, sculpsit.

His bones are full of the ſinnes of his youth.
IOB 20. 11.

1.

THe ſwift-foot Poſt of Time hath now begun
His ſecond Stage;
The dawning of our Age
Is loſt and ſpent without a Sun:
The light of Reaſon did not yet appeare
Within th' Horizon of this Hemiſpheare.

2.

The infant Will had yet none other guide,
But twilight Senſe;
And what is gayn'd from thence
But doubtfull Steps, that tread aſide?
Reaſon now draws her Curtains; Her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and ſhe calls to riſe.

3.

Youths now diſcloſing Bud peeps out, and ſhowes
Her *Aprill* head;
And from her graſs greene bed,
Her virgin Primeroſe early blowes;
Whil'ſt waking *Philomel* prepares to ſing
Her warbling Sonets to the wanton Spring.

4.

His Stage is pleaſant, and the way ſeemes ſhort,
All ſtrow'd with flowers;
The daies appeare but howers,
Being ſpent in time-beguiling ſport.
Here griefes do neither preſs, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither feare, to curb; nor care, to vex.

His

His downie Cheek growes proud, and now diſdaines
The Tutors hand;
He glories to command
The proud neckt Steed with prouder Reynes:
The ſtrong breath'd Horne muſt now ſalute his eare,
With the glad downefall of the falling Deare.

6.

His quicknos'd Armie, with their deepmouth'd ſounds,
Muſt now prepare
To chaſe the tim'rous Hare
About his, yet unmorgag'd, Grounds;
The ev'll he hates, is Counſell, and delay,
And feares no miſchief, but a rainie day.

7.

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale, nor bliſſe;
And late Repentance is
The laſt deare Pen'worth that he bought:
He is a daintie Morning, and he may,
If luſt 'orecaſt him not, b'as faire a Day.

8.

Proud Bloſſom, uſe thy Time; Times headſtrong Horſe
Will poſt away;
Truſt not the foll'wing day,
For ev'rie day brings forth a worſe:
Take Time at beſt: Beleeve't, thy daies will fall
From good, to bad; From bad, to worſt of all.

St. AMB.

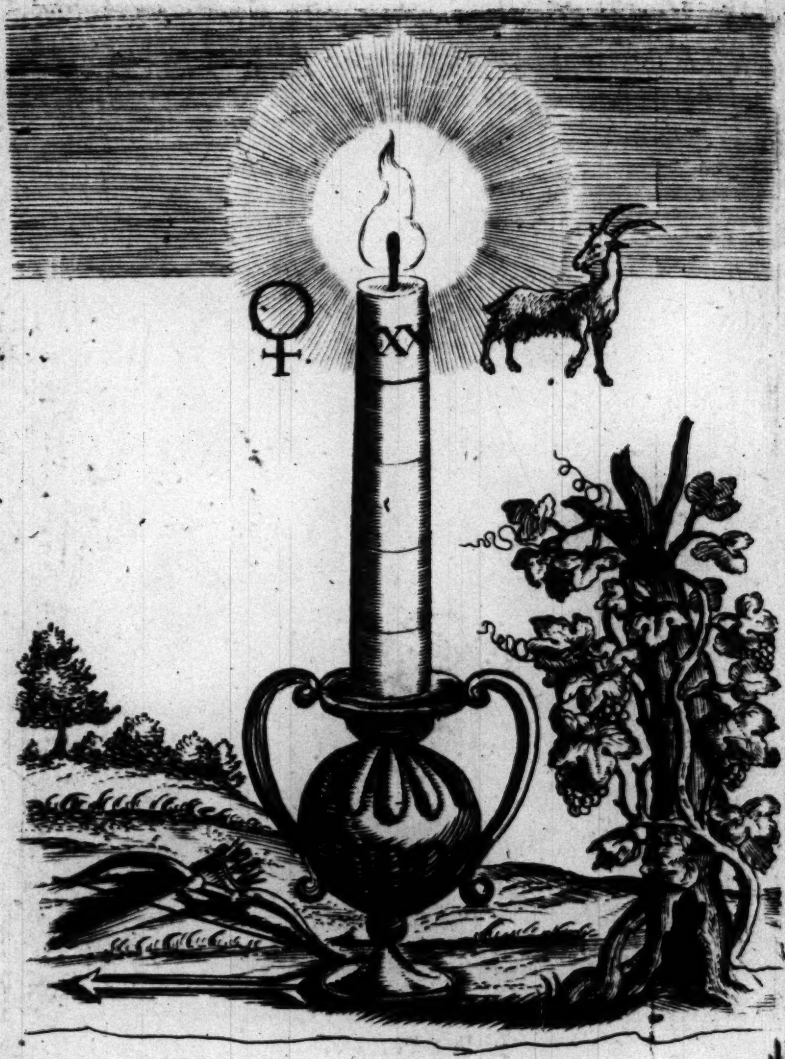
Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when ſtrength is firme, when blood is hot, when Cares are ſtrangers, when mirth is free, then Pride ſwells, and humility is deſpiſed.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. 10.

To the old Man.

Thy yeares are newly gray; His, newly Greene;
His youth may live to ſee what thine hath ſeene:
Hee is thy Parallel: His preſent Stage
And thine, are the two Tropicks of Mans Age.



Iam ruit in Venerem.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

Rejoyce O young man, and let thy heart cheare thee, but know, &c. ECCLES. 11. 9.

1.

How flux! how alterable is the date
Of transitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheeles of Fate!
How one Condition brings
The leading Prologue to an other State!
No transitory thing can last:
Change waits on Time; and Time is wing'd with haſt;
Time preſent's but the Ruins of Time paſt.

2.

Behold how Change hath incht away thy Span,
And how thy light does burne
Nearer and nearer to thy Vrne:
For this deare waſt what ſatisfaction can
Injurious time returne
Thy ſhortned daies, but this; the Stile of Man?
And what's a Man? A cask of Care,
New tunn'd, and working; Hee's a middle Staire
Twixt birth and death; A blaſt of ful ag'd Ayre.

3.

His breſt is Tinder, apt to entertaine
The ſparks of *Cupids* fire,
Whoſe new-blowne flames muſt now enquire
A wanton Iuilippe out, which may reſtraine
The Rage of his deſire,
Whoſe painfull pleaſure is but pleaſing paine.
His life's a ſickneſs, that doth riſe
From a hot Liver, whilſt his paſſion lies
Expecting Cordials from his Miſtreſs eyes,

4.

His Stage is ſtrowd with Thornes, and deckt with Flowers;
His yeare ſometimes *appeares*
A Minit; and his Minits, *yeares*;
His doubtfull Weather's ſun-ſhine, mixt with *ſhowers*;
His traffique, *Hopes* and *Feares*:
His life's a Medly, made of ſweets and *ſowers*;
His paines reward is *Smiles*, and *Pouts*;
His diet is faire language mixt with *Flouts*;
He is a *Nothing*, all compos'd of *Doubts*.

5.

Doe; waſt thy Inch, proud *Span* of living earth;
Conſume thy golden daies
In ſlaviſh freedome; Let thy waies
Take beſt advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy Stock of Time decaies;
And laviſh plenty ſtill foreruns a Dearth:
The bird that's flowne may turne at laſt;
And painefull labour may repaire a waſt;
But paines nor price can call thy minits paſt.

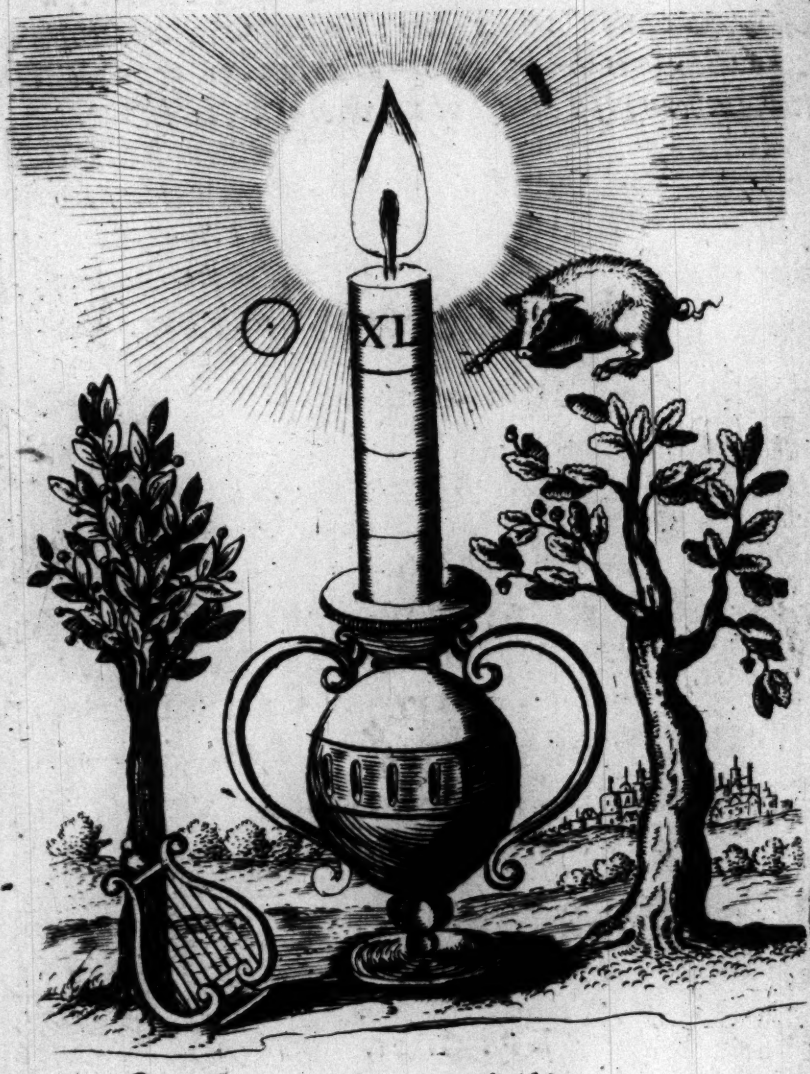
Expect great joy when thou ſhalt lay downe the mind of a Child, and deſerve the ſtile of a wiſe man; for at thoſe yeares childhood is paſt, but oftentimes childiſhneſs remaines, and what is worſe, thou haſt the Authority of a Man, but the vices of a Childe.

BRITISH MUSEUM

EPIG. II.

To the declining Man.

Why ſtandſt thou diſcontented? Is not he
As equall diſtant from the Toppe as thee?
What then may cauſe thy diſcontented frowne?
Hee's mounting up the Hill; Thou plodding downe.



Vt Sol ardore virilj .

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

As thy daies, so shall thy strength be.
DEUT. 33. 25.

The Post
Of swift foot Time
Hath now, at length, begun
The Kalends of our middle Stage:
The number'd Steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those Steps wee are to goe:
The Buds and blossoms of our Age
Are blowne, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost;
And what we boast too much, we have least cause to (boast.

Ah mee!
There is no Rest,
Our Time is alwaies fleeing:
What Rein can curb our headstrōg hours!
They post away: They passe wee know not how:
Our *Now* is gone, before wee can say, *Now*:
Time past and futur's none of ours;
That, hath as yet no Being;
And This hath ceast
To bee:
What is, is onely ours: How short a Time have Wee!

And now
Apolloes eare
Expects harmonious ſtraines,
New minted frō the *Thracian* Lyre;
For now the Virtue of the twiforkt *Hill*
Inſpires the raviſht fancy, and doth fill
The veines with *Pegaſean* fire:
And now, thoſe ſterill braines
That cannot ſhow,
Nor beare
Some fruits, ſhall never weare *Apollos* ſacred *Bow.*

Exceſſe
And ſurfet uſes
To wait upon theſe daies:
Full feed, and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a Spright,
By the baſe *Magick* of deboyſd delight;
Ah pittie twiſeborne *Bacchus Vine*
Should ſtarve *Apollo's Bayes,*
And drown thoſe *Muſes*
That bleſſe
And calm the peaceful ſoule, whē ſtorms of cares oppres.

Strong light,
Boaſt not thoſe beames
That can but onely riſe,
And blaze awhile, and then away:
There is no *Solſtice* in thy day;
Thy midnight glory lies
Betwixt th'extrems
Of night,
A Glory foyld with ſhame, and foold with falſe delight.

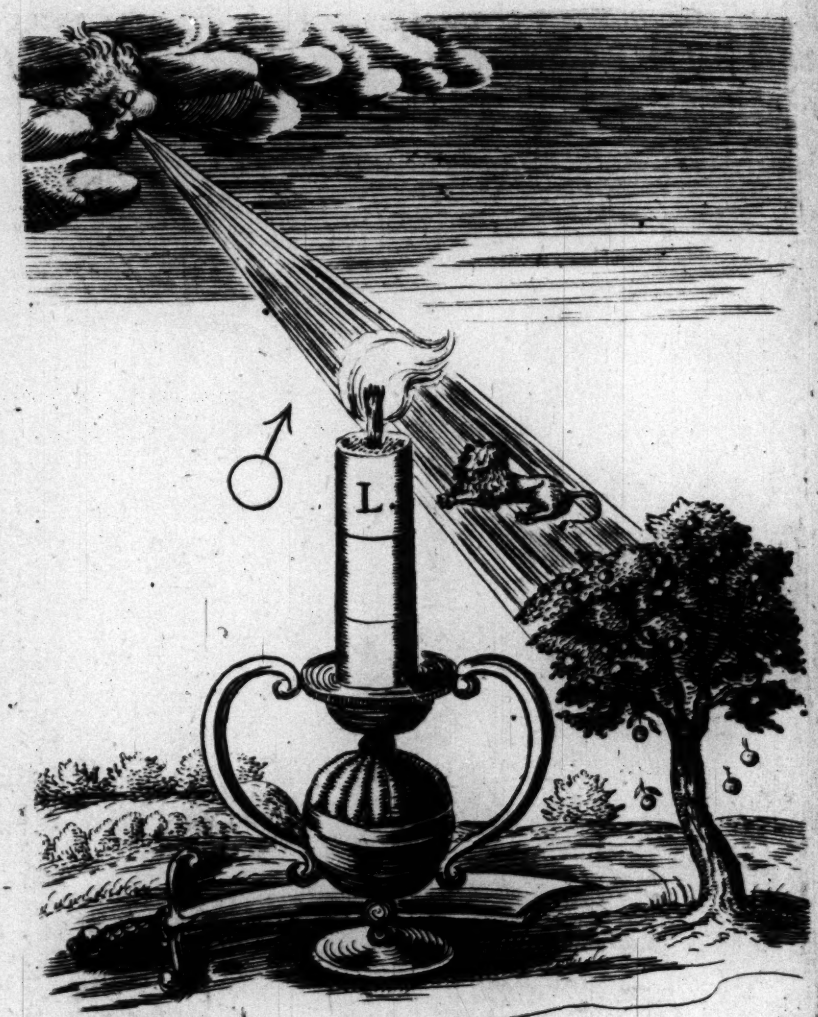
Hee

Haſt thou climbd up to the full age of thy few daies? Look backwards, and thou ſhalt ſee the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy Childhood, and the waſte of thy Infancy: Looke forwards; thou ſhalt ſee, the cares of the world, the troubles of thy mind, the diſeaſes of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the midle ag'd.

Thou that art prauncing on the luſtie *Noone*
Of thy full Age, boaſt not thy ſelfe too ſoone:
Convert that breath to wayle thy fickle ſtate;
Take heed; thoul't brag too ſoone, or boaſt too late.



Et Martem spirat et arma.

Will: Marshall. sculpsit.

Hee muſt encreaſe, but I muſt decreaſe.

IOH. 3. 30.

TIme voyds the Table: Dinner's done;
And now our daies declining Sun
Hath hurried his diurnall Loade
To th' Borders of the Weſterne roade;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow Steeds,
Now puffes and pants, and blowes and bleeds,
And froths, and fumes, remembring ſtill
Their laſhes up th' Olympick Hill;
Which, having conquerd, now diſdaine
The whip, and champs the frothy reyn,
And, with a full Career, they bend
Their paces to their Iournies end:
Our blazing Tapour now hath loſt
Her better halfe: Nature hath croſt
Her forenoone book, and cleard that ſcore,
But ſcarce gives truſt for ſo much more:
And now the gen'rous Sappe forſakes
Her ſeir-grown twig: A breath ev'n ſhakes
The down-ripe fruit; fruit ſoon divorc'd
From her deare Branch, untouchd, unforc'd.
Now ſanguine *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in;
And flees neglected in diſgrace,
Whil'ſt *Mars* ſupplies her lukewarm place:
Blood turnes to Choler: What this Age
Loſes in ſtrength it finds in Rage:
That rich Ennamell, which of old,
Damaskt the downy Cheeke, and told
A harmeleſs guilt, unaskt, is now
Worne off from the audacious brow;

Luxurious

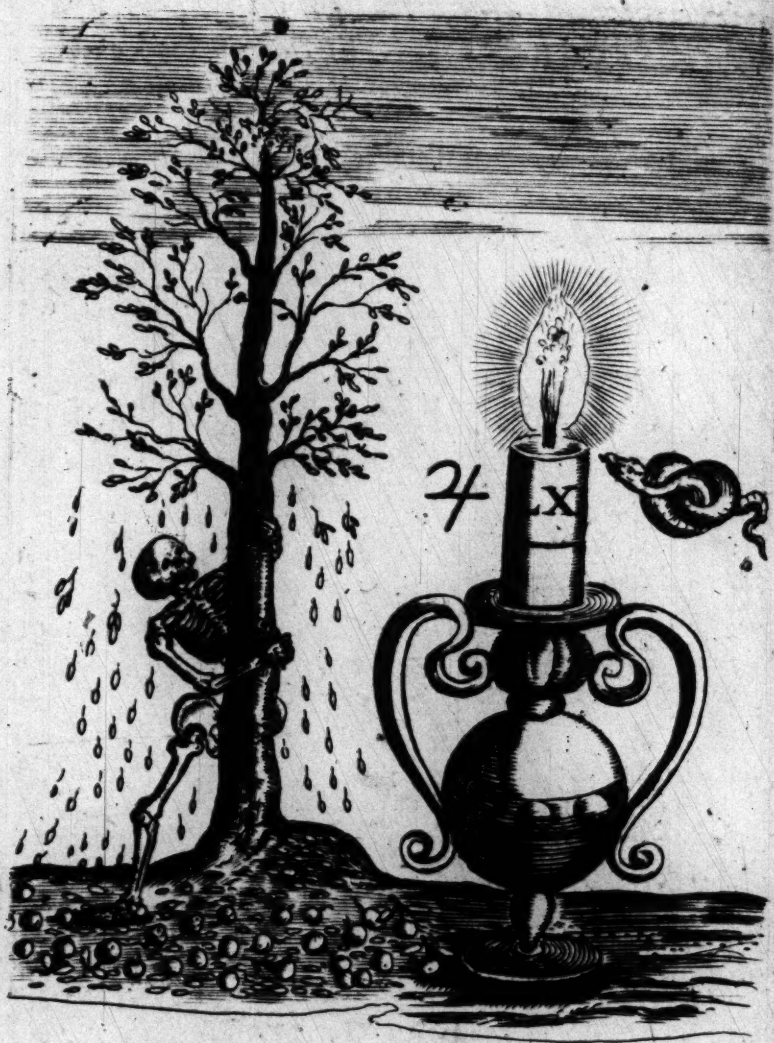
Luxurious Dalliance, midnight Revells,
Looſe Ryot, and thoſe veniall evils
Which inconſiderate youth of late
Could pleade, now wants an *Advocate*,
And what appeard in former times
Whiſpring as *faults*, now roare as *crimes*:
And now all yee, whoſe lippes were wont
To drench their Currall in the Font
Of forkt *Parnaſſus*; you that be
The Sons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of Fancy, to diſplay
The Flagge of high Invention, ſtay:
Repoſe your Quills; Your veines grow ſower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power:
If your pall'd Fancies but decline,
Cenſure will ſtrike at every line
And wound your names; The popular eare
Weighs what you are, not what you were.
Thus hackney like, we tire our Age,
Spurgall'd with Change, from Stage to Stage.

Seeſt thou the daily light of the greater world? when attaind to the higheſt pitch of Meridian glory, it ſtaieth not, but by the ſame degrees, it aſcended, it deſcends. And is the light of the leſſer world more permanent? Continuance is the Child of Eternity, not of Time.

EPIG. 13.

To the young Man.

Young man, rejoyce; And let thy riſing daies
Cheare thy glad heart; Thinkſt thou theſe uphill waies
Leade to deaths dungeon? No: but know withall,
Ariſing is but Prologue to a Fall.



Invidiosa Senectus.

Will: Marshall sculpsit.

Yet a little while is the light with you.
IOH. 12. 35.

1.

THe day growes old; The low pitcht Lamp hath made
No lesse than treble shade:
And the descending damp does now prepare
T'uncurle bright *Titans* haire;
Whose Westerne Wardrobe, now begins t'unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloathe his evening glory; when th'alarmes
Of Rest shall call to rest in restless *Thetis* armes.

2.

Nature now calls to Supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh;
The toyling ploughman drives his thirsty Teames,
To tast the slipp'ry Streames:
The droyling Swineheard knocks away, and feasts
His hungry-whining guests:
The boxbill Ouzle, and the dappled Thrush
Like hungry Rivals meet, at their beloved bush.

3.

And now the cold Autumnall dewes are seene
To copwebbe every Greene;
And by the low-shorne Rowins doth appeare
The fast-declining yeare.
The Sapless Branches d'off their summer Suits
And waine their winter fruits:
And stormy blasts have forc'd the quaking Trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in Suits of mossie Freeze.

Our

4.

Our wasted Tapour, now hath brought her light
To the next dore to night;
Her sprightless flame, grown great with snuffe, does turn
Sad as her neighb'ring Vrne:
Her slender Inch, that yet unspent remaines,
Lights but to further paines,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his wearie limbs to take eternall Rest.

5.

Now carkfull Age hath pitcht her painefull plough
Vpon the furrow'd brow;
And snowie blasts of discontented Care
Hath blancht the falling haire:
Suspitious envie mixt with jealous Spight
Disturb's his wearie night:
He threatens youth with age: And, now, alas,
He owhes not what he is, but vaunts the Man he was:

6.

Gray haires, peruse thy daies; And let thy past
Reade lectures to thy last:
Those hastie wings that hurri'd them away
Will give these daies no Day:
The co..stant wheeles of Nature scorne to tyre
Vntill her worke expire:
That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruine Thee; (Tre
That hand that shooke the branch will quicklie strike th

St. Chr

St. CHRYS.

Gray hayres are honourable, when the behaviour ſuits with gray hayres: But when an ancient man hath childiſh manners, he becomes more ridiculous than a childe.

SEN.

Thou art in vaine attained to old yeares, that repeateſt thy youthfulneſſe.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seeſt thou this good old man? He repreſents
Thy *Future*; Thou, his *Preterperfect* Tenſe;
Thou go'ſt to labour, He prepares to Reſt:
Thou break'ſt thy Faſt; He ſuppes: Now which is beſt?

Plumbeus in terram .

Will Marſhall ſculpſit

The dayes of our yeares are threescore yeares and ten. PSAL. 90. 10.

1.

SO have I seene th'illustrious *Prince* of Light
Rising in glorie from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling downe the horrid shades of night;
Advancing more and more his conq'ring head,
Pause first; decline; at length, begin to shroud
His fainting browes within a sole black cloud.

2.

So have I seene a well built *Castle* stand
Vpon the Tiptoes of a lofty Hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both Sea and Land,
And curbs the pride of the Beleag'rers will;
At length her ag'd Foundation failes her trust;
And layes her tottring ruines in the Dust.

3.

So have I seene the blazing *Tapour* shoot
Her golden head into the feeble Ayre;
Whose shadow-gilding Ray, spred round about,
Makes the foule face of black-brow'd darknesse faire;
Till at the length her wasting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

4.

Ev'n so this little world of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obay,
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decaies,
And worne by Age, Death cancells all his daies.

5.

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom ſhone ſo bright,
Is now ev'n raviſht from our darkned eyes;
That ſturdy *Caſtle*, man'd with ſo much might,
Lyes now a Monument of her owne diſguize:
That blazing *Tapour*, that diſdain'd the puffe
Of troubled Ayre, ſcarce ownes the name of Snuffe.

6.

Poore bedrid *Man*! where is that glory now,
Thy Youth ſo vaunted? Where that *Maieſty*
Which ſat enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving Arme? that daring eye?
Thoſe buxom tunes? Thoſe *Bacchanalian* Tones?
Thoſe ſwelling veynes? thoſe marrow-flowing bones?

7.

Thy drooping *Glory's* blurrd, and proſtrate lyes
Grov'ling in duſt; And frightfull Horror, now,
Sharpens the glaunces of thy gaſhfull eyes,
Whilſt feare perplexes thy diſtracted brow:
Thy panting breſt vents all her breath by groanes,
And Death enervs thy marrow-waſted bones.

8.

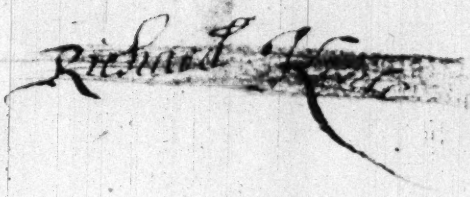
Thus Man, that's borne of woman can remaine
But a ſhort time; His dayes are full of ſorrow;
His life's a *penance*, and his death's a *paine*,
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow?
His breath's a *bubble*, and his daies a *Span*:
Tis glorious miſery to be borne a *Man*.

CYPR.

When eyes are dimme, eares deafe, visage pale, teeth decaied, skin withered; breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling; feet saying, the sudden downefall of thy fleshly house is neare at hand.

St. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by Age: Covetousnes alone, growes young.



EPIG. 15.

To the Infant.

What he doth spend in groanes, thou spendst in teares:
Iudgment and strength's alike in both your yeares;
Hee's helpless; so art thou; What difference than?
Hee's an old *Infant*; Thou, a young *old Man.*

THE END.